

## A SONG OF HOMELAND.

A song—a song for Homeland,  
The land where we were born,  
Of hills and fertile prairies  
Where grows the golden corn—  
Of wheat fields like an ocean,  
Of hills where grow the pine—  
The land that we are proud of,  
Your own dear land and mine.

A song—a song for Homeland,  
The land of wheat and corn,  
With milk and honey flowing—  
The land where we were born!

A song—a song for Homeland,  
No other land so dear;  
No other hills are fairer,  
No other skies so clear.

We love her valleys and valleys,  
Each snow-tipped mountain dome—  
Oh, native land, from true hearts  
We sing this song of home.

A song—a song for Homeland,  
The land of wheat and corn,  
With milk and honey flowing—  
The land where we were born!

A song—a song for Homeland,  
The land of wheat and corn,  
With milk and honey flowing—  
The land where we were born!

—Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion.



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## CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

As the town clock gave the single stroke of one, six men entered the gate of a residence on Laurel street; one knocked loudly on the door, while the other five hugged the wall of the house. A window from the floor above was raised.

"What is it?" asked a voice.

"Are you Mr. White, cashier of the Charleston bank?" said the man below.

"Yes; what is it?"

"The bank has been robbed."

"What's that? What's that? Bank robbed? Great heavens, wait and I'll join you."

Raymond White speedily dressed and descended to the door; opened it, to find himself clutched by the throat by one man, while the revolvers of several more, were leveled at his head.

"Absolute quiet, Mr. White," said Black Beard, "is the price of your life, have you the bank and vault keys on your person?"

"What means all this, has the bank been robbed?"

"Not yet, Mr. White, not yet, but be easy, it soon will be. Here, let me relieve you of your keys—what, you carry a pistol too? Well I'll take that also."

"I know you," said the cashier, "you are the man for whom I cashed the checks to-day."

"You had better forget me when we part to-night. Those who remember me, with rare exceptions, do not fare well—now for King street and the bank of Charleston. Here White, lock arms with me, but remember, one word of alarm, and you are a dead man, your wife a widow and your children orphans. March!"

A half hour later, Black Beard fitted a key to the bank door; it swung open and five men entered, the other five guarding the avenue of approach on the outside.

White was firmly bound to a chair, the vaults opened, and the cash speedily transferred to bags; then gagging the cashier sufficiently to render it impossible for him to make himself heard, the plunderers left the bank.

They were joined on the outside by three of the men who had held watch.

"Where's Toombs and Lankey?" asked Black Beard.

"Fightin' round yon corner," said the man addressed, "to attract the attention of the hossifers."

"We'll go that way and get them, they might be run in."

As they rounded the corner, there were the two sailors, pummeling each other lustily, while two policemen were trying to separate them.

"Hey!" yelled Black Beard, "is that what I let you ashore for? Avast there! you fighting blackguards, bothering the officers of this peaceful town."

The two sailors were subdued in an instant.

"Aboard, ye lubbers! Aboard!"

"Here, officers, here's a couple of pounds for keeping my frisky sailors from eating each other up. I'll see that they bother you no more."

"Thanks, captain, we'll drink your health. Lucky you came along, or you'd have found them jugged in the morning."

"I'll juggle the buggers when I get them aboard."

But Black Beard and his men didn't go directly aboard; they first visited the county jail, and Black Beard aroused the jailer, and informed him that he had two drunken sailors that he desired locked up till morning.

Five pounds was sufficient to convince the jailer that they should be locked up, and he produced his keys and unlocked the jail door. As he turned, he found the revolvers that a short time before had been leveled at the cashier's head, leveled at his.

What could he do but weaken? The door of the cell of Plunkett and Cobb was unlocked; the fetters taken from their limbs; the jailer was locked in their cell, and Black Beard and his comrades hastened to the planing mill, where they found the two boats in waiting, and they were rowed aboard.

"What luck, captain?" asked the mate, as the Black Beard mounted the vessel's rail.

"Immense! immense, mate! Plunkett and Cobb are here; they wot not stretch hemp, at least not on Friday next, and there's gold, silver and bank notes more than we will count to-night. But what luck had you? How many orange cleaners did you hire?"

"Sixteen strapping men. They

are all below, and by this time in a drunken stupor."

"Tis well; wind and tide are with us, so up anchor and away."

"For where?"

"For the Altamaha river first, and then for the island."

## CHAPTER XIV.

"A MARKED NIGGER WON'T HALF SELL."

The morning of the 20th of August when the sun arose Cashier White still sat bound in the arm-chair in the bank facing the vaults. He could hear the footfall of early passers-by on the pavement on the outside, but could give no alarm; so there he sat in agony until nine o'clock, when the president of the bank arrived, and finding the bank unusual had detained the cashier at home, and with his own key unlocked the door and entered to find Raymond White half unconscious, tied securely in a chair, and the vault doors opened.

"Good God!" he exclaimed; "robbery and ruin!" and with shaking hands he cut the cords that bound the cashier.

That gentleman could neither speak nor stand for some moments, but when he could he told his tale, and concluded with the words: "The manager of the affair was the man with the long, black beard for whom I cashed the checks on yesterday."

"What, the captain of the slaver?"

"The same; what is his name, or whom were the checks made payable to?"

"The checks were made payable to Baker & Mills, the auctioneers, and endorsed by them payable to bearer."

The president rushed from the bank to the courthouse for officers to board the schooner and apprehend its captain and crew.

At the courthouse he found all in commotion. The jail had not been opened and the jailer was missing—his hat was found on the ground at the foot of the steps leading to the jail door.

The key could not be found in his apartment, so a locksmith was procured and the lock opened.

In the cell of Plunkett and Cobb was found the jailer. He was bound hand and foot; the cords were similar to those that had for so many hours held the cashier in the chair.

Plunkett and Cobb, who on the morning would have been hanged by the neck until dead, were gone.

The jailer stated how he had been duped into opening the jail by a man who represented himself as captain of a vessel and stated that he wished to have two drunken sailors locked up until morning; that this man was accompanied by several others, among whom was a large pock-marked man, with one eye missing and a scar on his left cheek like a saber cut.

"This man," said the jailer, "I am certain I have seen in Charleston before."

The description of the man who led the liberators of Plunkett and Cobb tallied with that of the one who had managed the plundering of the bank.

and 20 armed men, headed by the sheriff, together with the banker and the jailer, immediately proceeded to the wharf to secure boats with which to board the Ranger.

The schooner was nowhere to be seen. As they were marching up the wharf one of the deputies remarked: "Sheriff, speaking of a pock-marked man being one of them, there's a pock-marked man runs this bar; Jim Holland is the name he goes by here; he's been under suspicion some time."

"We'll go in, then," said the sheriff, "and interview him."

Moll was found behind the bar.

"Where's Jim Holland, my good woman?" said the sheriff.

"I b'ain't yer good woman, ye guy. I were Jim Holland's bad 'un, but 'e's skipped."

"Where has he skipped to, woman? I am the sheriff."

"The sheriff? An' what do ye want of Jim?"

"The bank was robbed last night, and two murderers taken from the jail."

"Jim were not there, sheriff; 'e's too big a coward. 'E 'ad a good bit us money about 'un last night w'en 'e left here, an' I be skeered 'e were kilt and robbed. Leastwise w'en 'e left 'e were so."

"Moll, 'ere's a bill of sale for this 'ere gin mill. If anything 'appens me you'll have 'un 'ome."

"Poor Bill—er Jim—'e were a great man for 'ome, sheriff. A nice, quiet, peaceful 'ome, sez Jim, for our ole age. Moll, is all as we want, and now sheriff, to think that 'e's gone—'e'd never left 'ome, sheriff, unless 'e were habducted."

"Abducted, woman, do you think anyone would abduct Jim Holland?"

"I knows it, sheriff, he were habducted one't before."

"Who abducted him then?" asked the sheriff.

"She were Pöll Blaisdell. She were younger nor I, an' 'ad more money nor I did then, an' she habducted him; but he come back to his Moll agin, sheriff."

"Come, men," said the sheriff, "there's nothing to learn here."

After they had gone, Moll turned a glass of gin:

"'E're's to you, sheriff! 'E're's to you! Jim's werry peaceful, he is, when he's asleep; but Bill Gibbs, sheriff, 'e's an 'ard one."

When the wholesale house of Miner & Strong was opened that morning, Julius, the black porter, a trusted slave who had been raised by Miner, failed to appear.

Sam and Sydney, two porters at the Charleston house, could not be found—a number of other citizens reported servants missing, and the morning of the 21st the following startling article appeared in the Charleston News:

"Bold and Successful Bank Robbery.—Two hundred thousand dollars in gold, silver and bank notes taken from the vaults of the Charleston bank."

"Successful Jail Delivery.—Plunkett and Cobb, the murderers of Planter Osborne, who were to have suffered the penalty of their crimes this day, released from their cell, and Jailer Howard found bound and gagged in their stead."

"No Less Than Eighteen Negro Men—the property of leading citizens, reported missing."

Then followed a long statement of the circumstances as narrated, and the article concluded as follows:

"Many of our citizens probably noticed the schooner of a dark green hue, that lay anchored in the Ashley river since the night of the 18th."

"That she was a slaver no one doubted, as 40 negroes were taken from her hold and sold in this market on the 19th."

"That she was a pirate, now seems equally certain, as her captain, who was a man of stalwart frame, with an immense black beard, but whose name is yet unknown, as it was not ascertained by the firm who sold the negroes (the captains of slavers generally desiring to have their identity unknown) was undoubtedly the manager of both the bank robbery and jail delivery."

"It is also believed that either he or his agent, in some manner, enticed the missing negroes aboard the slaver and sailed with them, in which event the schooner will probably land at some port on this coast and offer them for sale, keeping them tongue-tied by terror until their object is effected."

"The name of the schooner, as displayed by bold, white letters on her stern, was 'The Ranger.'"

"A couple of merchants from Wilmington, who are yet here, viewed the Ranger when lying in the river, and state that the schooner is the exact counterpart in all respects but the color of the paint that covers her frame and the name on her stern of the Clara Belle, whose captain, Angus Bruce, murdered John Loyd, of Wilmington, on the night of the thirty-first of May last."

"Mr. Murchison, one of the merchants alluded to, asserts that the Clara Belle often, in past days, has lain at his dock, loading and unloading cargo—he further asserts that Bruce is a man of stalwart, powerful frame, which would tally with the description of the captain of the Ranger, whose beard may be a false one."

"Most of the crew of the Clara Belle, states Mr. Murchison, were left at Wilmington on the night of the flight from that port, they being ashore at that time."

"But he who he may be, this Black Beard seems destined to become a curse to this coast unless speedily apprehended, or himself and craft sent to the bottom of the sea."

"Many who read this article will recall the slaver and freebooter Nancy, that foundered and went down with all her crew off this coast two years since."

"The governor, being fully convinced that Angus Bruce and Black Beard, as we call the captain of the Ranger, are one and the same man, has offered twenty-five thousand dollars for his apprehension."

"The Charleston bank, while badly crippled, has had many offers of assistance, and will be able to weather the storm."

While this article was arousing the indignation of Charleston citizens, and two sailing crafts were fitting up to search the salt seas for her, the Ranger was scudding along the coast of Georgia; and yet she was no longer the Ranger—her dark green color had changed to a dirty looking red, and the name on the stern was—William B. Niles.

No black-bearded man was on her decks, but a man of much the same size and appearance, with a smooth face, was her commander.

"Bill! Bill Gibbs!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Go below and terrify the niggers; tell them we land and sell them to-night, and all they have to do, if they like their new masters better than the old ones, is to keep 'um; if they don't they can talk all they want to, after we have left them behind, and possibly the news will get to Charleston, and their old masters come and claim them; but tell them, Bill, that if they creak before we have left them miles behind, we'll have the life of every nigger there. Tell the mate to send a dozen armed men with you below; plenty of knives and pistols, kill a chicken or two, and bloody your hands and faces; pistols, knives and the sight of blood will subdue a nigger, you know how to manage it."

"That do I. I'll fix them."

"Don't hurt them, Bill, don't mark them up. A marked nigger won't half sell, people think he's unruly."

At sundown the William B. Niles was anchored in the Altamaha river and at sunrise the next day a painted sign was hung over her port side, which read: "Eighteen able bodied negroes for sale. All must be sold by 12 o'clock this day."

At 11:30 a number of planters along the river boarded the schooner.

The negroes were all ranged along the deck. They had had plenty to eat and drink, and had not suffered by their trip down the coast—some of them were, perhaps a little groggy, but not a whimper did they make until Black Beard, or William B. Niles, as he now represented himself, had exchanged them for \$15,000 in gold.

The slaves were lowered in a boat that the planters had along side to convey them ashore, and when the last one had left the deck of the schooner, and the last planter was seated in his boat, then Black Beard gave the order: "Up anchor, and away!"

"Where away, sir?"

"For the island," said Black Beard, as the anchor was raised above the water's surface.

All sails were set, and the schooner swung round, caught the breeze, her sails filled, and she was off. But there were now shouts and signals from the boat—the formerly terrified negroes had evidently told the tale of their abduction from Charleston, and of the difference in the appearance of the schooner from what it presented when they boarded it, to clean oranges for fifty cents a thousand, or fifty cents a hundred.

The shouts and cries increased, and the boat headed about, the oarsmen pulling with might and main towards the schooner.

A stalwart black whiskered man stood at the stern of the William B. Niles, and as he raised his hat politely from his head, he said:

"Good-by, Altamaha. Your waters shall never again be cleft by the William B. Niles, but they may be by the craft beneath my feet—this is your first visit from Black Beard."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCALLOPS IN THE MARKET.

Something About the Reputation and Name—Soaking in Fresh Water.

In New York markets Rhode Island scallops have a reputation for excellence that may or may not be deserved, for in that city "Oyster Bay asparagus" is a label put on almost all bunches of that vegetable as soon as the product of New Jersey arrives; all small hard claims are "Little Necks," although that part of Long Island does not market over 50,000 bushels in a year, and the quality of tenderness and flavor varies as it does with "Blue Point" oysters, a term now used for most small oysters, as "Saddle Rock" is for large ones, although no oysters have been taken from that rock in 20 years. So much for a reputation; but the expert housewife looks the different lots of scallops over, passes by the white ones, and buys those of a yellow tint. The fact is that the meat of the scallop is naturally a faint yellow, but soaking whitens and injures it. This soaking in fresh water is done to make them swell and measure more, and it increases their bulk by about a third until the frying-pan has done its work, when they will be found to have shrunk to less than the original size; hence it is best to avoid the white meats if possible. It is probable that the price for the unwashed scallops would be better if all shippers would agree to stop the practice, and then all scallops would be "Rhode Islands," although market men say that some from that state are watered. The practice is a bad one, because it injures the sale of the meats, as may be seen by comparing the prices in the markets.

The scallop is never shipped alive in the shell, because it breaks easily and does not live more than a day or two out of water; besides, being so bulky, the freight would be higher.—Fred Mather, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

The Marblehead Boys.

Speaking of boys reminds me of a story which Polly told me the other day when she came up from Marblehead Neck to cheer my malarial gloom. It seems that Marblehead boys have the reputation of being the worst in the state, and a worthy minister who went there to fill a vacant pulpit one Sunday had occasion to verify the truth of this, for on his way to church he was unmercifully hooted and stoned. "Filled with righteous indignation, the worthy divine remarked from the pulpit in mournful tones upon the depravity manifested by the old town's boys. Some time later he again visited the place, and this time he met with no insults, and did not even see a single hoodlum on his churchward walk. Being a just man, he desired to praise as well as blame, and so he said that he was truly rejoiced to see that the youth had seen the error of their ways, and had turned aside from the path of evil deeds. Thereupon arose a small boy in the gallery, who shrieked forth in gleeful malignity: "Don't you believe it. They've just gone down to Barnegat to stone a funeral, and when they come back won't you catch it!"—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

They Do, Ordinarily.

"Mercy!" cried the fair young girl as the umpire walked on the baseball grounds. "Take me home, George. This place is haunted. I see a ghost."

"Ghost? Where?"

"Why, that's the umpire."

"I know; but he was umpire last year. I thought they always killed them before the end of the year."—Harper's Bazar.

The Average Resort.

"I hear that your family are at Ballyvar-by-the-Sea."

"Yes."

"How is it down there?"

"Well, if it wasn't for the hotels and the mosquitoes and the noise of the ocean and the people and the sand, it wouldn't be half bad if you couldn't go anywhere else."—Harper's Bazar.

Wattie's Idea of It.

"Papa," said Wattie, "I wish you'd buy me a shovel. I get awfully thirsty in the daytime."

"What on earth has a shovel to do with that?"

"Well, somebody told me that on farms when you wanted water you had to dig a well."—Harper's Bazar.

After Excitement.

Farmer—Come down with me, Jack, and I'll show you the cows.

Jack—Hoh! Cows ain't exciting to anything but girls. If mamma'll put my red suit on me I'll go look at the bull.—Harper's Pound Table.

## A BOY HERO.

His Perilous and Painful Journey to Save Life.

Not far from the Virginia line lives a two-thirds youth, for, unfortunately, both of his lower limbs are artificial, who has to his credit an act of heroism which should make him a loved lad as long as the memory of those who know him lasts. It is little crippled Tim Olin, whose home is away up in the mountains, 35 miles from everywhere, as a book agent once said of that part of the country.

This bit of a boy not long ago heard that forest fires were sweeping everything that would burn before them along the Virginia side of the mountains. One afternoon he climbed through the snow to the top of the mountain, one of the steepest of the Cumberland, and took a view of the fire-swept country below him. He was surprised to find the fire so fierce, and as he watched Tim saw that the red tongues were creeping on toward a little log cabin in which two old and helpless women, the Ober sisters, and their blind and crippled brother, who is one of the oldest men over on the other side. The lad realized that the house was a long ways from any other farmhouse, and knew that the people in the humble cottage would find themselves powerless if they were left in the cabin until the fire got to their home.

Without thinking of how much suffering it meant to his poor aching limbs, Tim started down the rugged hillside on his perilous journey of heroism. He had a race with the fire and twice fell from exhaustion and almost despaired of saving the old folks. But his indomitable courage never flagged, and he kept on going. He reached the old homestead just as the prairie fire was attacking the old frame crib. He hurried into the house and informed the old and thoroughly frightened people of their danger. It only took him a few minutes to hitch the horse to the sled, and the old man was helped on to this. The four drove to shelter at the nearest neighbor's, leaving the fire to do its worst. The home of the old people was partly burned during the night, but the boy had gotten some of the neighbors to go and fight the fire, and they were able to save most of the contents of the house.

The modest-looking lad has never recovered from the injuries he sustained in making the awful trip, but he is very proud of the deed. The old people will never cease to love and contribute to the boy's support out of their limited means.—Washington Star.

A LONG BURROW.

Two-Mile Tunnel Excavated by an Industrious Mole.

Down along the river bank after the water had receded into a narrow channel, through which it tumbled and eddied and belched up great rings, there was left a broad sand flat. This sand flat fell off in broad steps, in which here and there were left shallow pools. Big, snarly river stumps of trees, probably grown many miles up the river, had occasionally stranded, after floating down on the river's surface, and gathered piles of driftwood about them. Barrels and boxes of all sorts of strange plunder were to be found, and it is not altogether unlikely that one, by looking closely, might have found more than one article of value.

The sand had dried down as hard and firm as on any Atlantic beach. It was springy, too, just the thing for brisk walking. And walking on it was a joy. There was neither jostling elbows nor sweet smells nor sounds, just the gray sky above, the damp wind and the yellow river oozing along a stone's throw away.

Traversing this flat was a remarkable little ridge or welt. It started in the sand where the last river bank had begun just before the river receded. Above it the grass hung over the five foot bank, and towering aloft was a large cottonwood tree. The welt ran straight out toward the river 1,000 yards or more, then turned west and wound in a waving line up-stream. For nearly two miles it could be followed, weaving here and there, never disappearing below the surface and never changing in appearance, until it suddenly lost itself in another bank of sand against which it had run. It was the burrow of a mole. And who knows but the little blind burrower is still working his way through half of Clay county to find the end of the bank. Or maybe he started upward after awhile and came out in the middle of some farmer's frozen garden patch or cornfield.—Kansas City Star.

Greece, Turkey and the Powers.

In order to understand the extraordinary attitude of the European powers in connection with the conflict between Greece and Turkey it must be remembered that whereas most of the enormous national debts of the Ottoman empire is in the hands of French, English and Austrian bondholders, well-nigh the entire state liabilities of Greece are held by German investors. Inasmuch as a war between Turkey and Greece would tend still further to embarrass the finances of these two heavily indebted countries, and thus compromise the interests of their foreign bondholders, the great powers have decided that under no circumstances would they permit any conflict to take place.—N. Y. Tribune.

Tax Collecting in Holland.

The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money is not sent the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.—Chicago Chronicle.

Came From Europe.

There were 96,227 cabin passengers landed at the port of New York from Europe last year. The number of steerage passengers aggregated 222,350.—Chicago Chronicle.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—An inscription is said to have been put on Mont Blanc reading: "Notice—This hill is dangerous for cyclists."—Tit-Bits.

—It Seemed Endless.—Pastor—"How did you like my sermon on Eternity last Sunday?" Parishioner—"Sermon? Why, it seemed to be more of an object lesson."—Truth.

—Edith—"Kate is going to marry Kammack, the photographer." Bertha—"Isn't that nice? It will be right in his line to have her always look pleasant."—Boston Transcript.

—A Sad Truth.—"The best type of man always concedes that woman is the noblest created being." "Yes?" "And then he acts mad because the first baby isn't a boy."—Chicago Record.

—Comparing Notes.—"How's business?" asked one street fakir. "Not very brisk," replied the other. "Sold anything?" "Only three or four people so far."—Washington Star.

—How did you happen to become such a pronounced vegetarian?" asked the oldest inhabitant. "All my subscribers paid that way," replied the country editor.—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de man dat pays hundud's ob dollars foh flags an' decorations ain't ez much ob er patriot ez de one dat goes quietly 'long an' pays 'is taxes an' serves on de jury wifout kickin'."—Washington Star.

—Letting Him Down Softly.—"You refuse to marry me," he said, bitterly, "because I am poor." "Well, yes," she replied; "it would pain me too much to have people hurt your feelings by saying that you married me for my money."—Philadelphia North American.

—And you have found Paris charming?" said a Paris doctor to two American ladies. "